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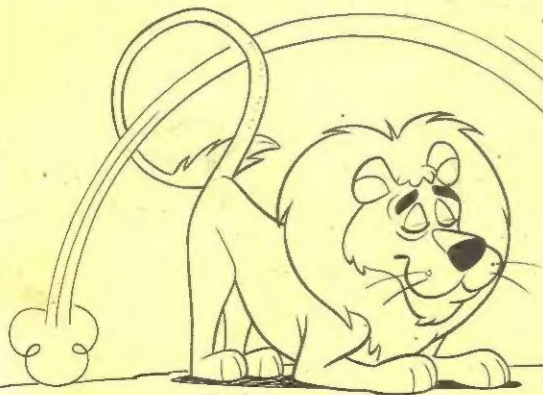
Hanna-Barbera

# Huckleberry Hound



# Huckleberry Hound

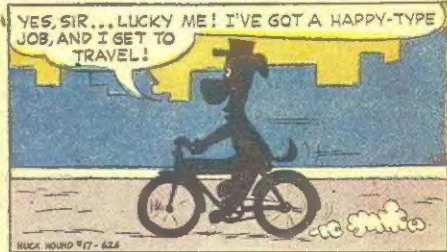
LOOPY LEAPER





Hanna-Barbara *Huckleberry Hound*

# The MISSING MARSHAL

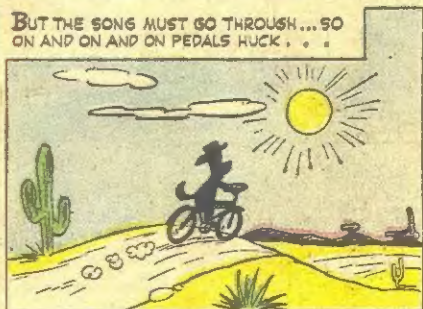
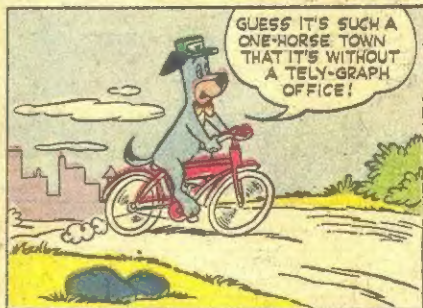


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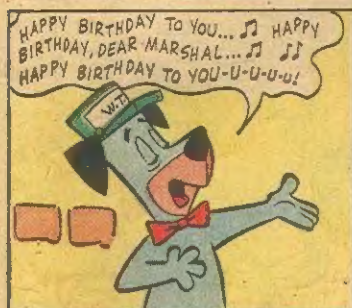
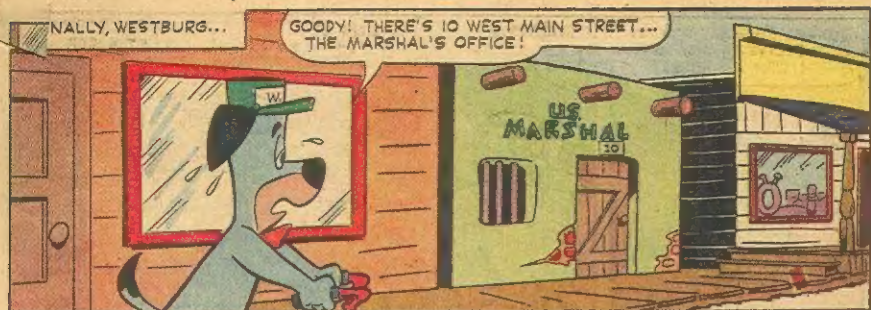
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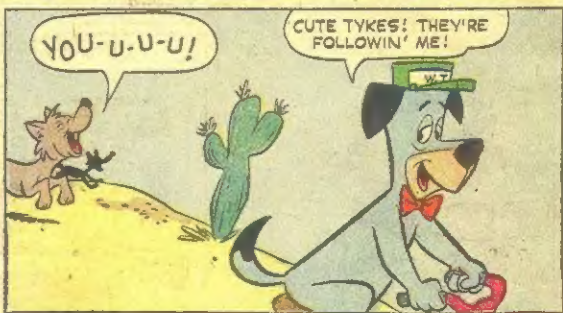
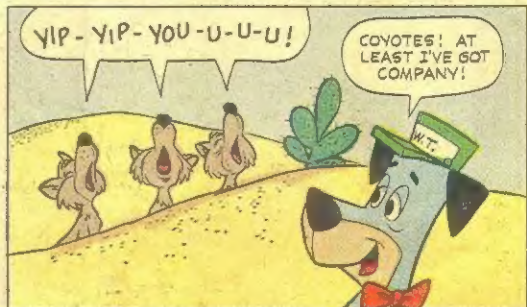
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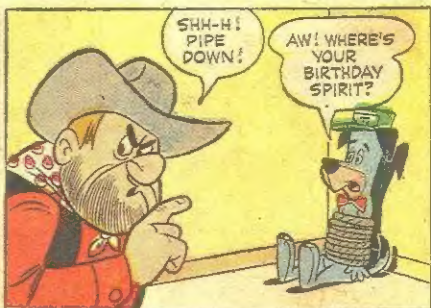
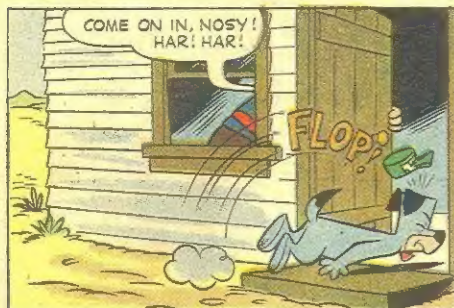
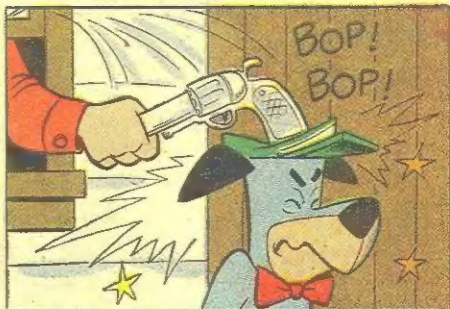


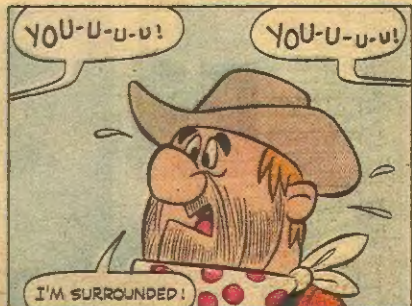
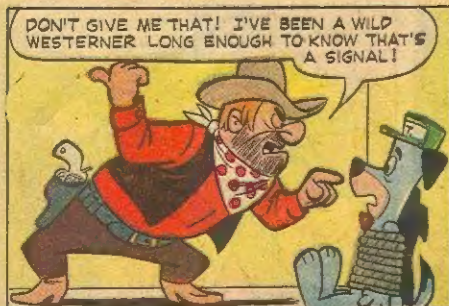
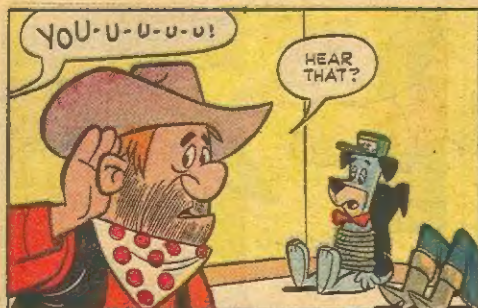


AND A LONG HOWL LATER...

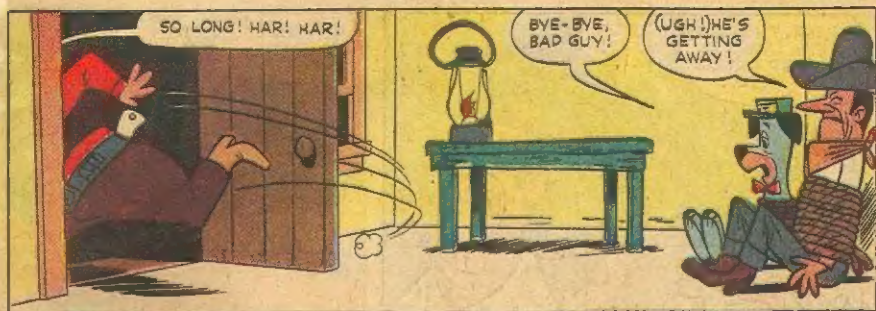


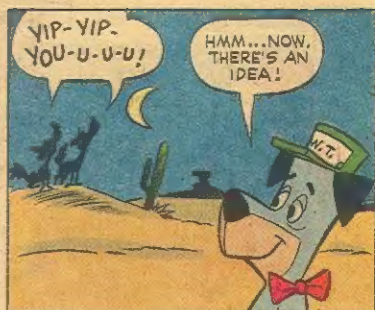








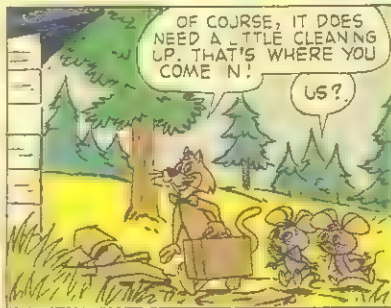
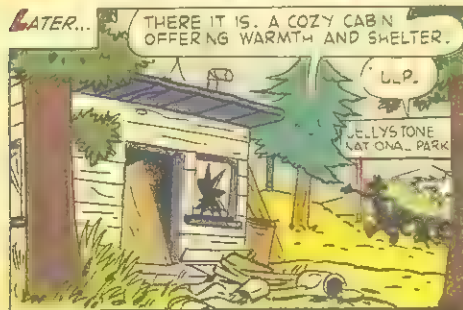
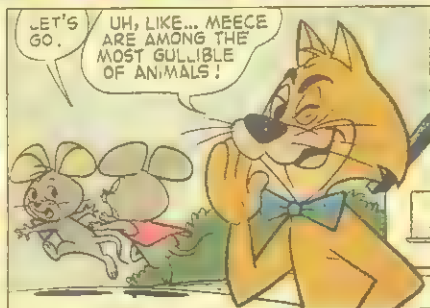
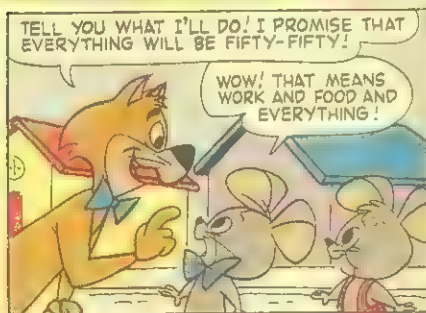
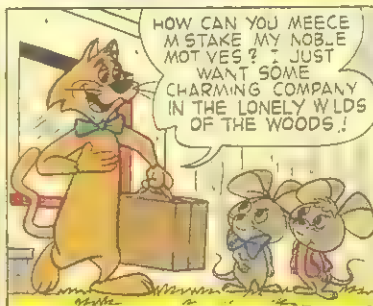
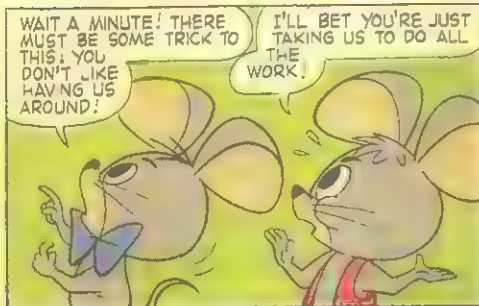
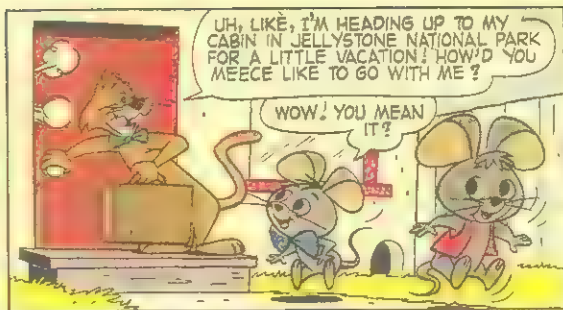


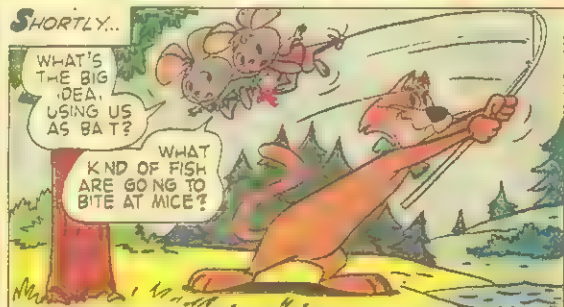
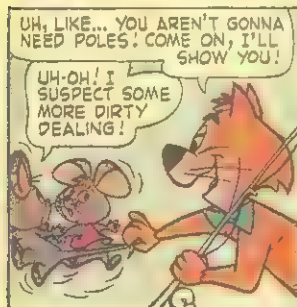
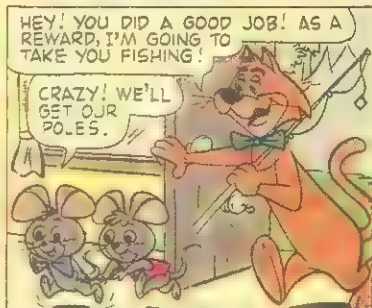
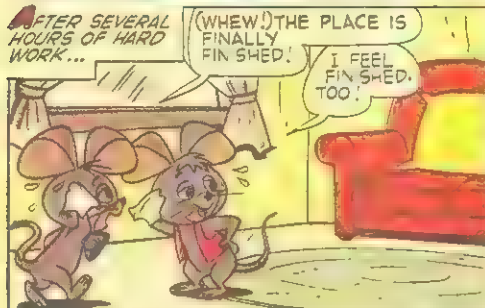
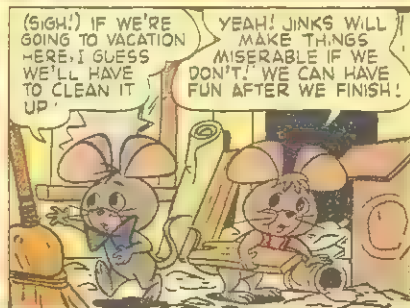
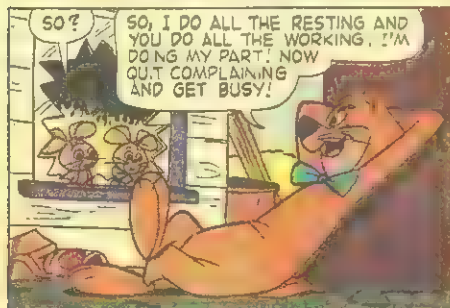




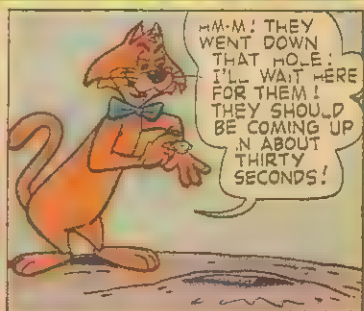
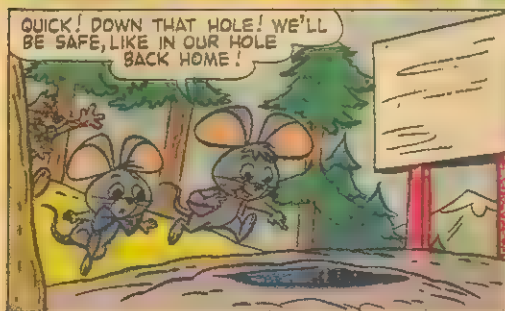
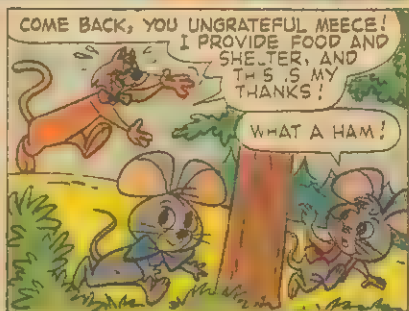
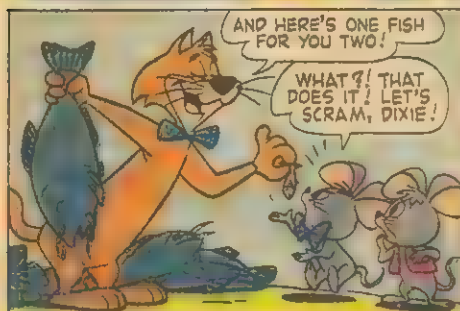
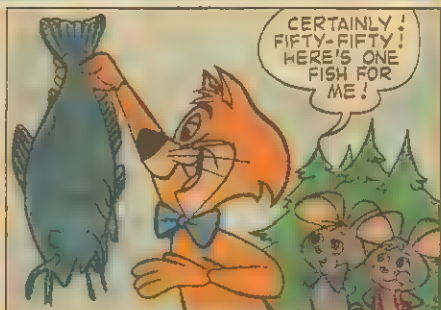
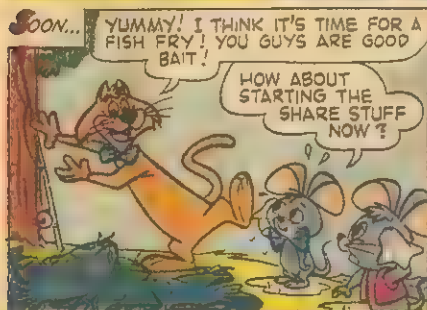
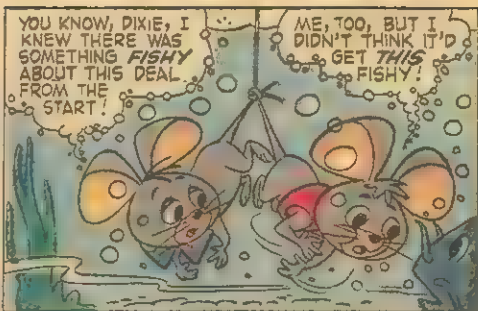
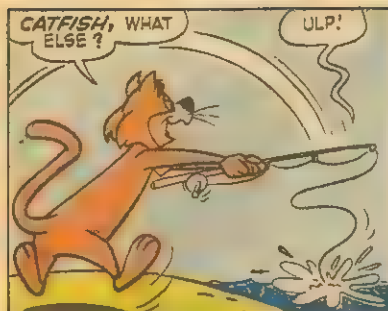
Hanna-Barbara

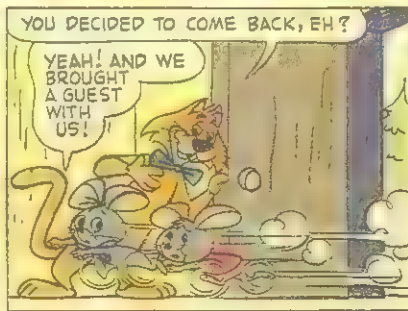
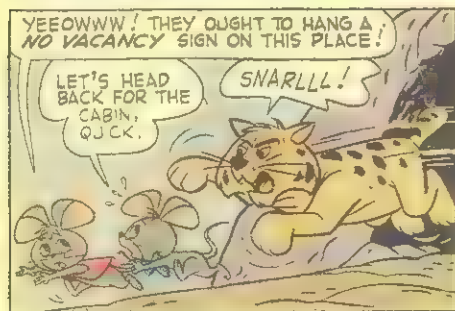
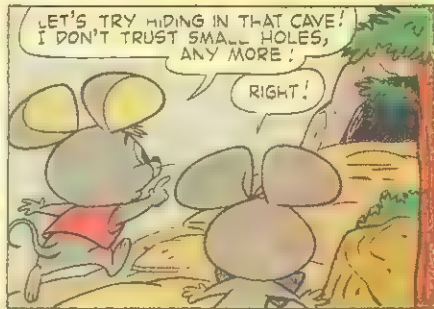
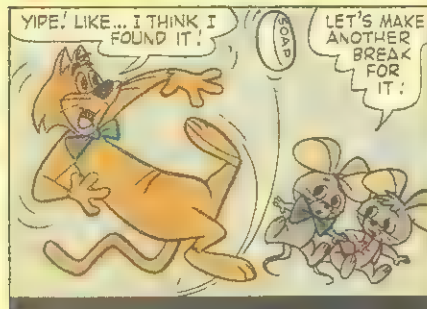
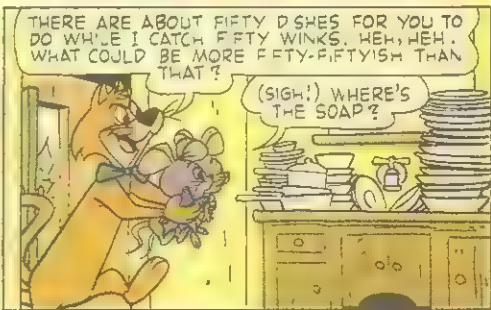
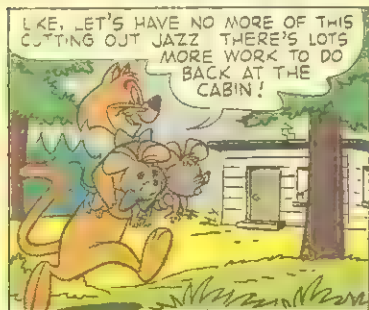
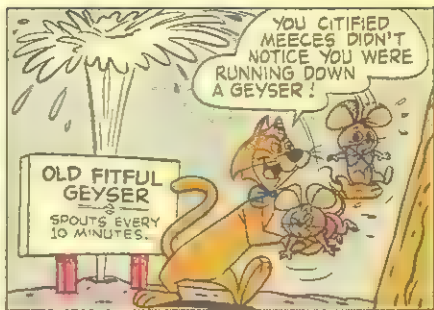
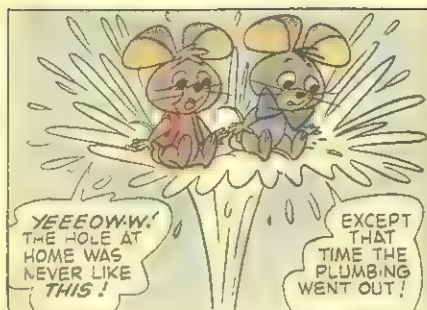
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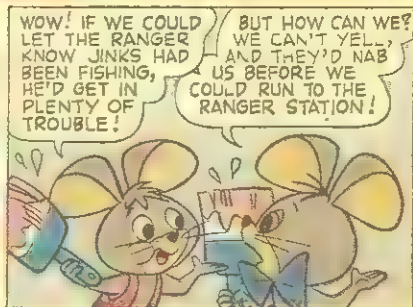
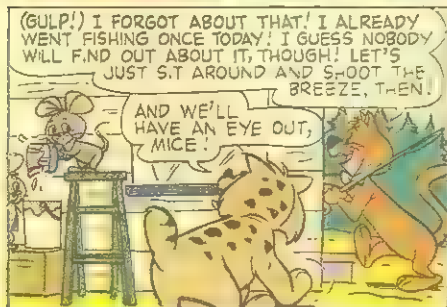
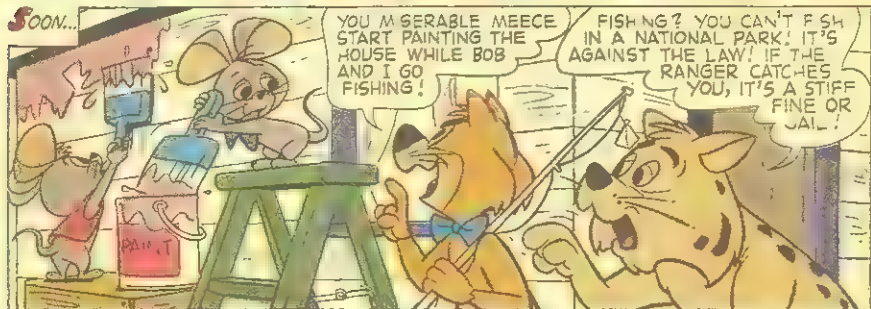
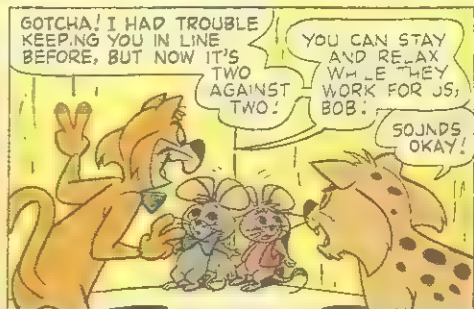
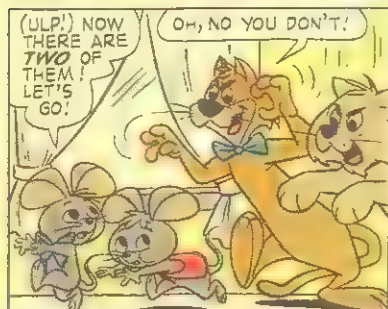
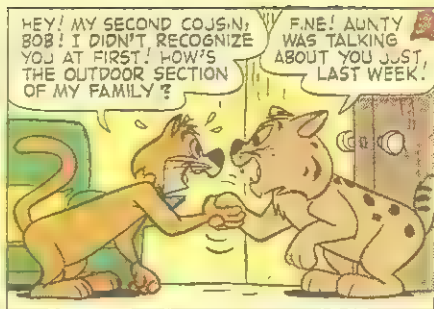
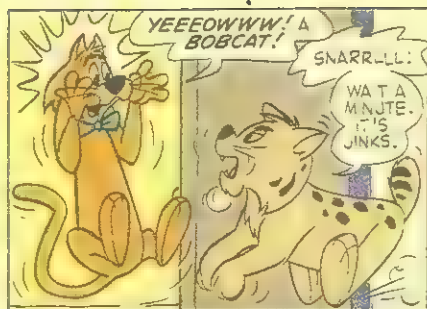


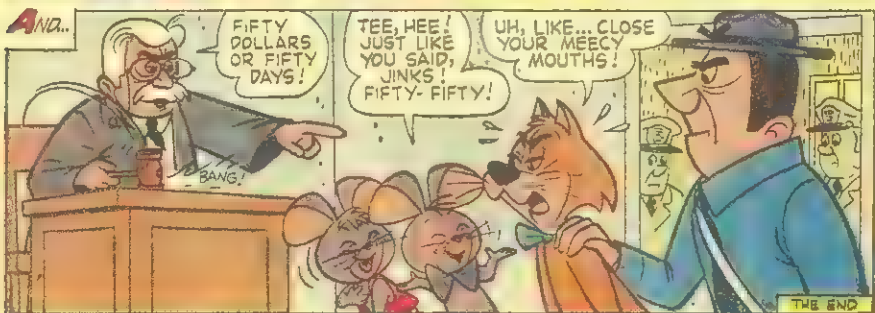
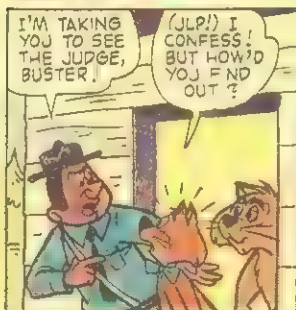
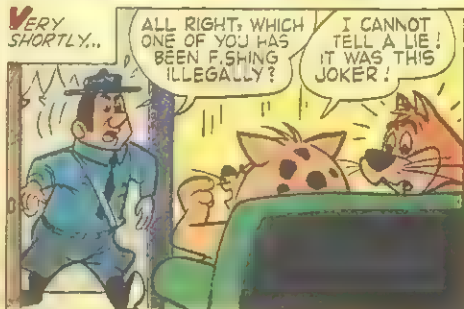
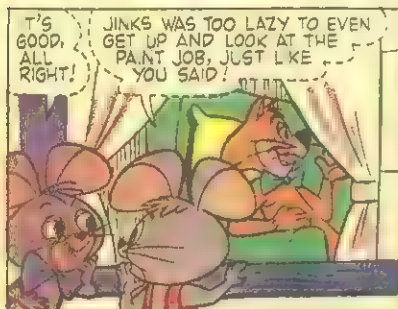
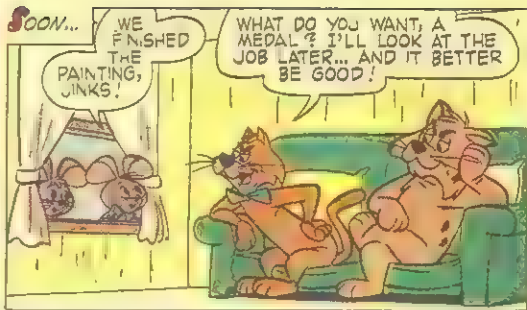






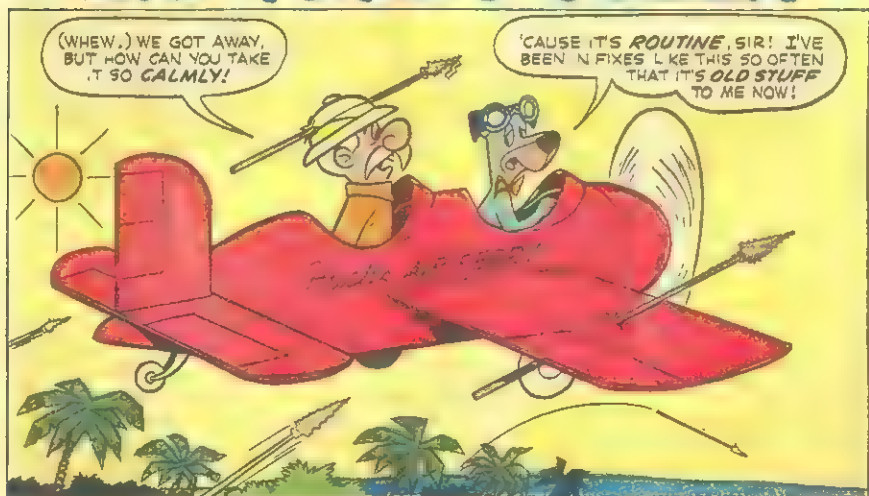








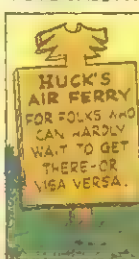
Hanna-Barbera *Huckleberry Hound*  
**AIR FERRY FELLA**



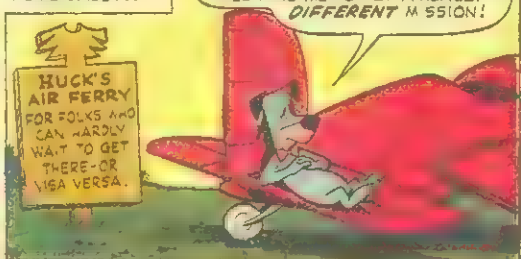
IN FACT, THE WHOLE IDEA OF OPERATING THIS AIR FERRY SEEMS PRETTY DULL NOWADAYS!



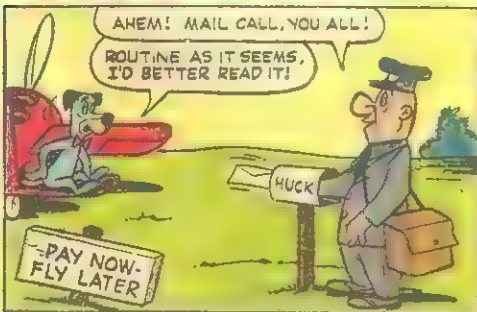
AND BACK AT HOME BASE...



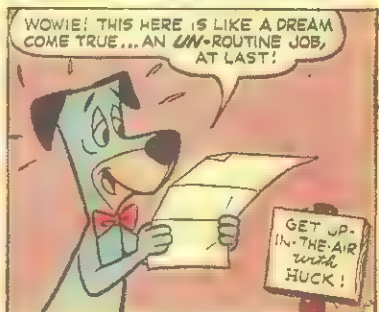
MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT SOMEBODY WILL HIRE ME TO FLY A REALLY *DIFFERENT* MISSION!



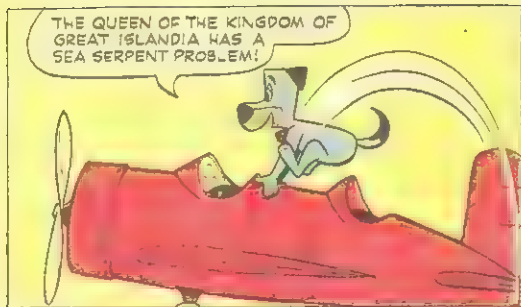
AHEM! MAIL CALL, YOU ALL!  
 ROUTINE AS IT SEEMS,  
 I'D BETTER READ IT!



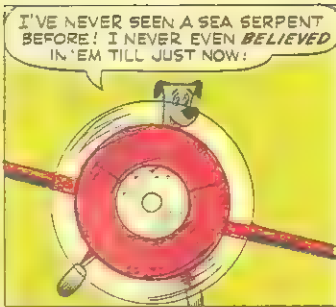
WOWIE! THIS HERE IS LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE... AN *UN-ROUTINE* JOB, AT LAST!



THE QUEEN OF THE KINGDOM OF GREAT ISLANDIA HAS A SEA SERPENT PROBLEM!



I'VE NEVER SEEN A SEA SERPENT BEFORE! I NEVER EVEN *BELIEVED* IN 'EM TILL JUST NOW!

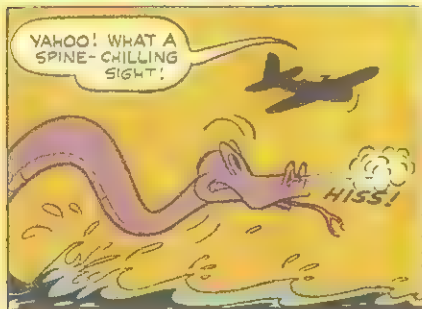


AND A PROPER AMOUNT OF PROP-WASH LATER...

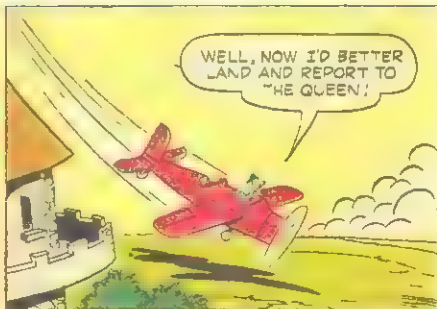
THERE'S GREAT ISLANDIA, AND THERE'S THE SEA SERPENT!



YAHOO! WHAT A SPINE-CHILLING SIGHT!



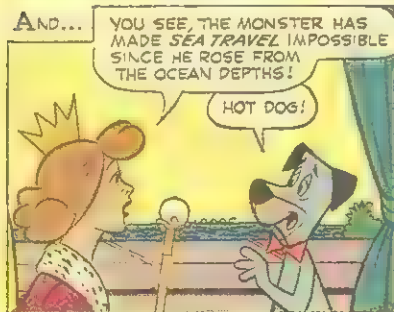
WELL, NOW I'D BETTER LAND AND REPORT TO THE QUEEN!



AND...

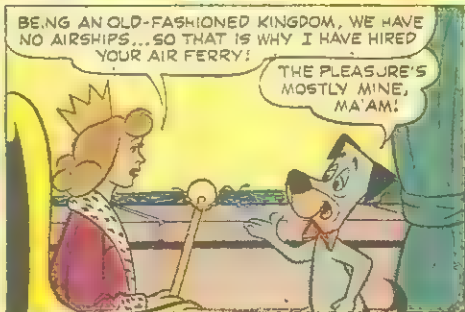
YOU SEE, THE MONSTER HAS MADE SEA TRAVEL IMPOSSIBLE SINCE HE ROSE FROM THE OCEAN DEPTHS!

HOT DOG!

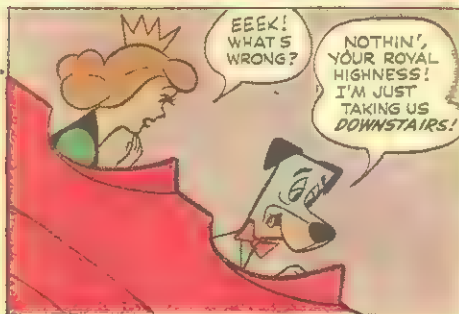
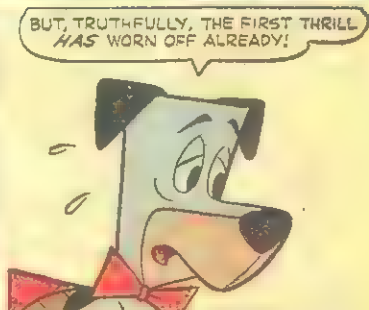
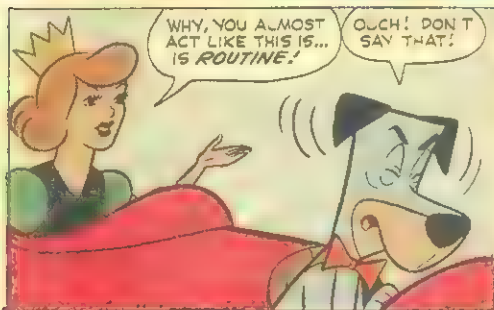
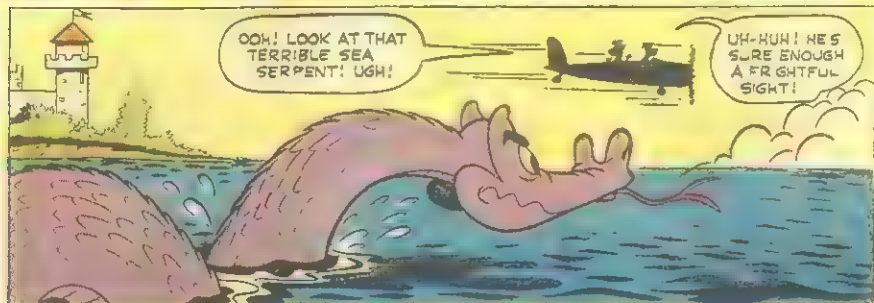
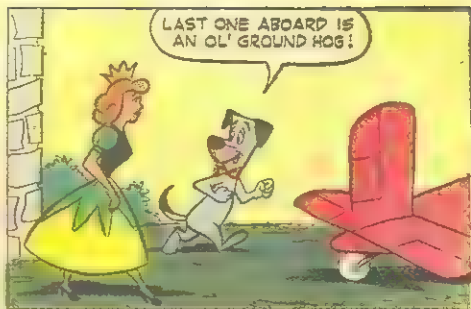


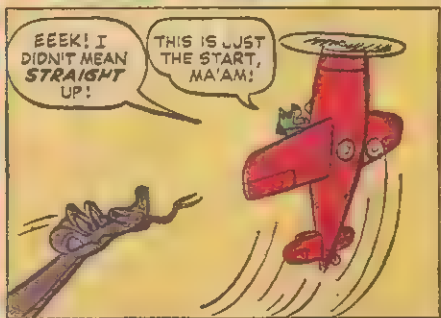
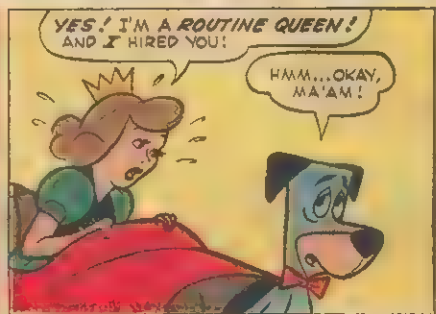
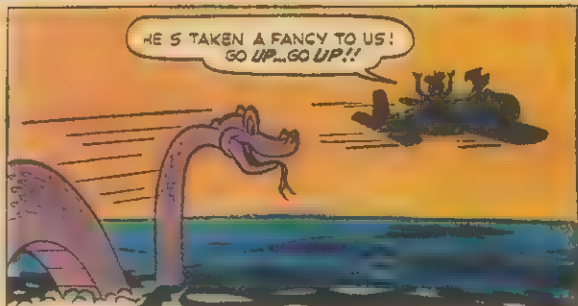
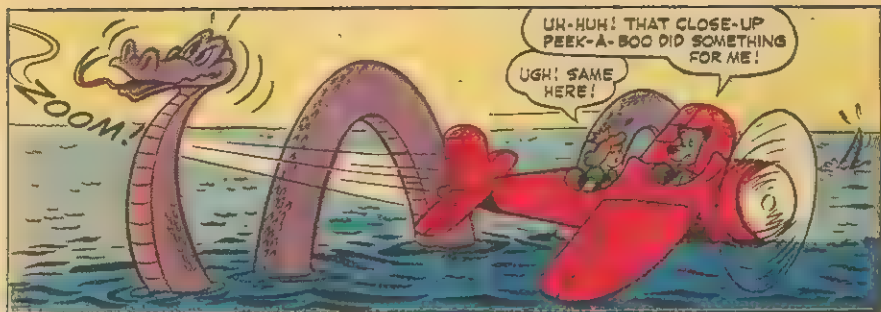
BEING AN OLD-FASHIONED KINGDOM, WE HAVE NO AIRSHIPS... SO THAT IS WHY I HAVE HIRED YOUR AIR FERRY!

THE PLEASURE'S MOSTLY MINE, MA'AM!

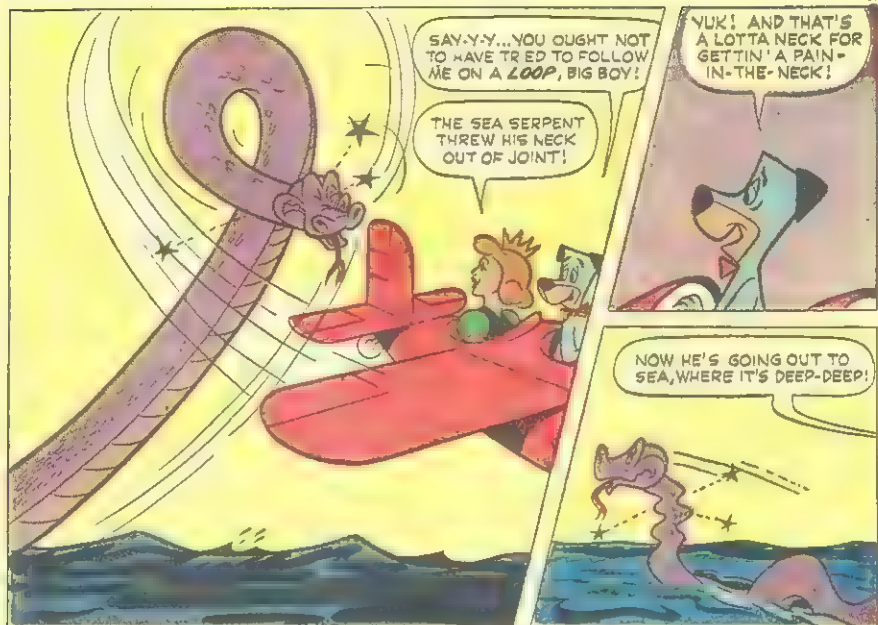










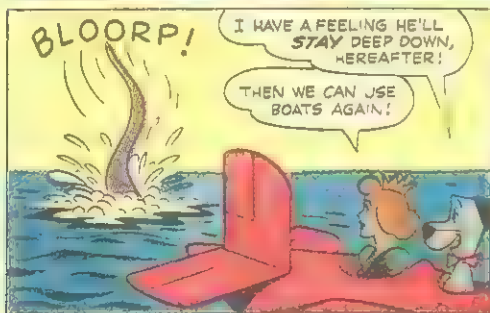


SAY-Y-Y...YOU OUGHT NOT TO HAVE TRIED TO FOLLOW ME ON A **LOOP**, BIG BOY!

THE SEA SERPENT THREW HIS NECK OUT OF JOINT!

YUK! AND THAT'S A LOTTA NECK FOR GETTIN' A PAIN-IN-THE-NECK!

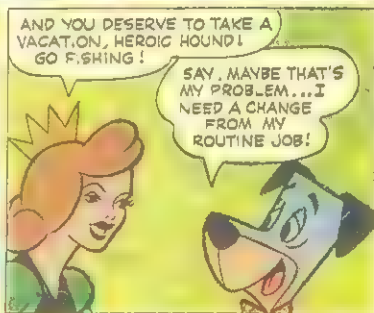
NOW HE'S GOING OUT TO SEA, WHERE IT'S DEEP-DEEP!



**BLOORP!**

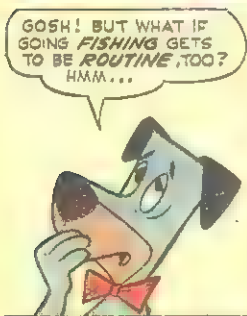
I HAVE A FEELING HE'LL **STAY DEEP DOWN**, HEREAFTER!

THEN WE CAN USE **BOATS** AGAIN!

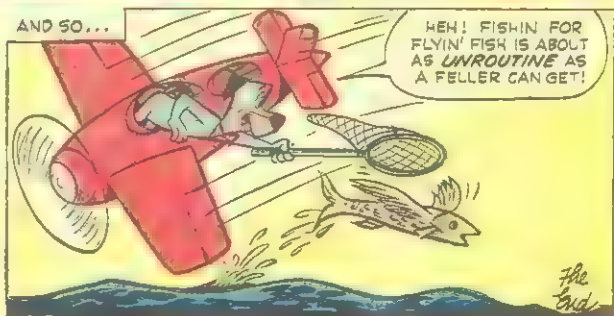


AND YOU DESERVE TO TAKE A VACATION, HEROIC HOUND! GO **FISHING!**

SAY, MAYBE THAT'S MY PROBLEM...I NEED A CHANGE FROM MY **ROUTINE JOB!**



GOSH! BUT WHAT IF GOING **FISHING** GETS TO BE **ROUTINE**, TOO? **HMM...**

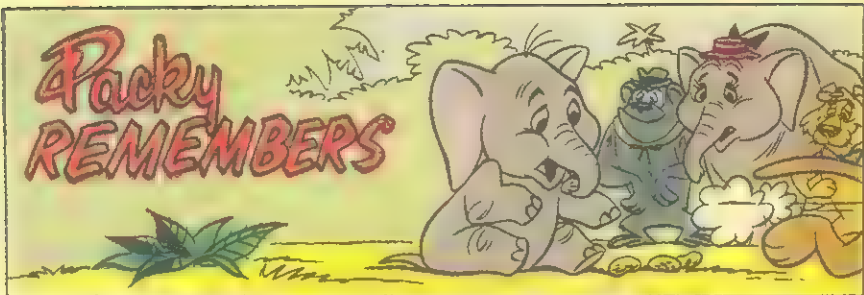


AND SO...

WHEN! FISHIN' FOR FLYIN' FISH IS ABOUT AS **UNROUTINE** AS A FELLER CAN GET!

*The End*

# Packy REMEMBERS



The day of the big jungle festival had come at last! All of the animals had gathered for exciting games and fun. And now it was time for the jungle youngsters' parade.

Little Packy Pachyderm's mother and father waited eagerly with the other proud parents. At last, the parade started... led by the lions, followed by panthers, zebras, monkeys—and then the elephants. One by one, they passed by, each grasping the tail of the elephant ahead. And then, it seemed, the parade ended... no more elephants, no more animals, but worst of all, no Packy!

"Oh, where is he?" Packy's mother cried.

"Where's the rest of the parade?" shrielled other mothers. "Where's my child?"

Just as the anxious crowd started to move, little Packy stepped out of the brush, leading the rest of the parade.

"There they are!" the crowd applauded.

But Packy's mother sighed, "I suppose Packy forgot to hang on to the elephant ahead and got left behind."

"He's ruined the whole parade," moaned Father Pachyderm, as little Packy led the others in a run to catch up.

"Ha, ha," laughed the crowd. "Ho, ho!"

"That stupid forgetful Packy should never have been allowed to march," growled one of the mothers. Others quickly agreed, taunting and teasing little Packy, as the parade broke up.

"Never mind, son," his mother soothed. "You'll remember next time... the peanut race is starting. You can win that."

Packy joined the race and got set to run with his peanuts—and then, as the race started, he forgot to run! The peanuts smelled so good, he just sat down and ate them—to the very last one!

"Oh, Packy," wailed his mother.

"I don't mean to forget," Packy cried.

"I know," his mother said. "Only—"

"Only all the other elephants have good memories," finished Packy. "And," he added, "I'm a disgrace to the family."

"Indeed, you are not!" Mrs. Pachyderm denied. "You're just a little forgetful—and that's no disgrace. Now, go and play."

But Packy didn't feel like playing. Instead, he started sadly down the path toward home. And then, suddenly, his front foot slipped, poking through a hole in the path! But the path leading to his home had no holes in it! Packy had forgotten again... this time, he had forgotten the way home!

Then Packy peered into the hole. A yawning pit lay below! And the path, Packy discovered, was not a path at all! It was a fake, made of sticks covered with dirt!

And, then, just when Packy needed to most, he remembered! His parents had told him about such pits... this was a trap!

Trumpeting his fear, Packy quickly ran back to the crowd. Hastily, all the other elephants followed him to the pit, some disbelieving. And just as hastily, they destroyed the hated trap.

The danger over, one elephant asked, "How did you happen to find this, Packy?"

"Er—" Packy said, "I was going home—"

"Going home!" exclaimed his mother.

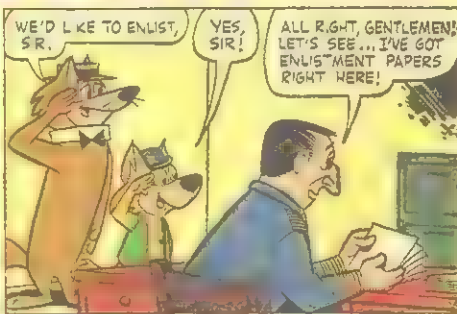
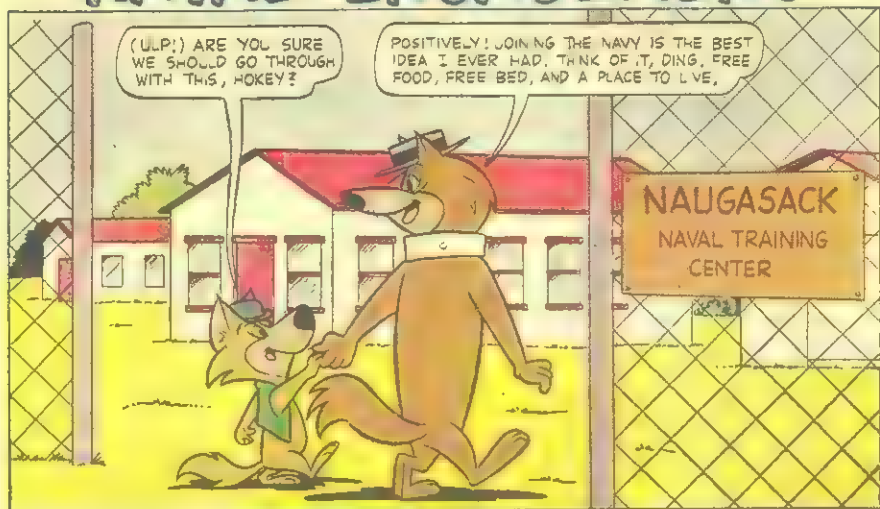
"Yes," answered Packy, "but I guess I forgot which way was home."

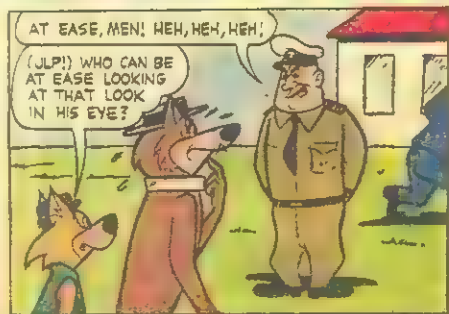
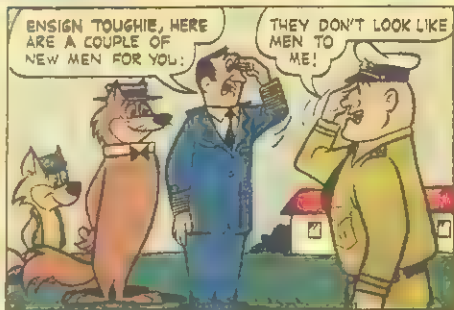
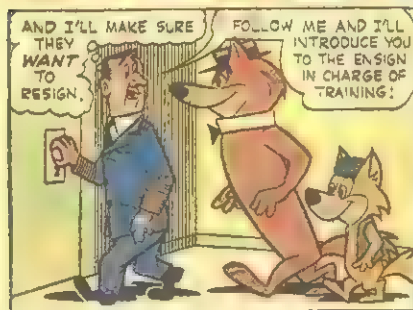
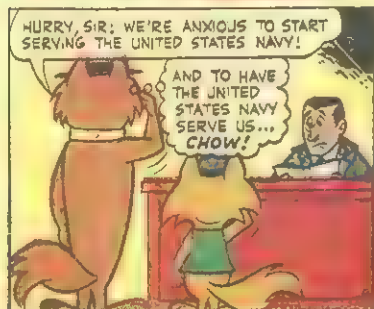
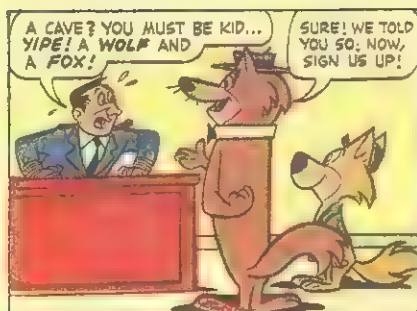
"And it's a good thing you did," trumpeted a big lead elephant. "You saved our lives today. Come," he added, "we're going to have a real celebration—for Packy!"

"My little son," whispered Packy's mother tenderly. "I'm so proud of you."

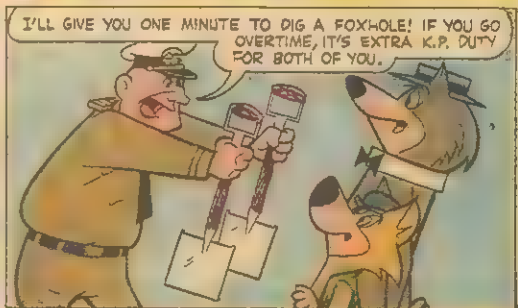
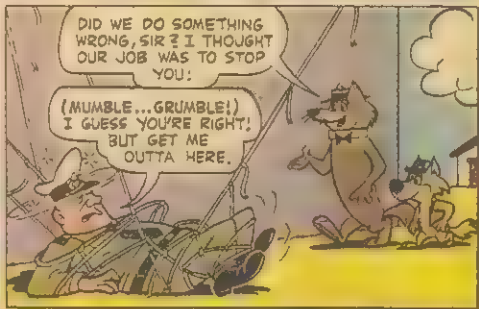
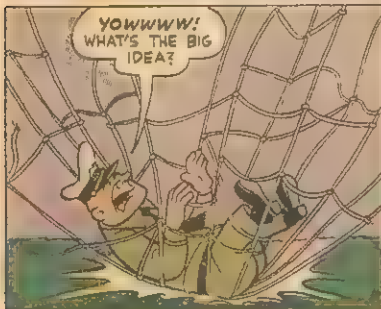
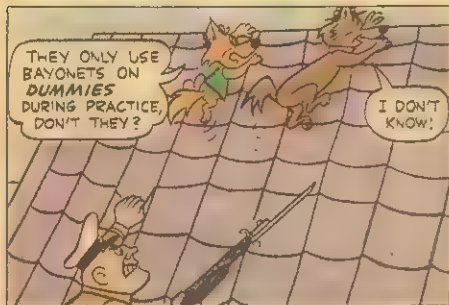
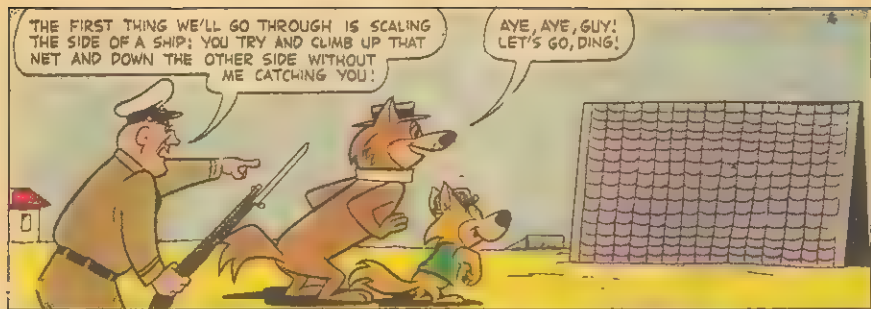


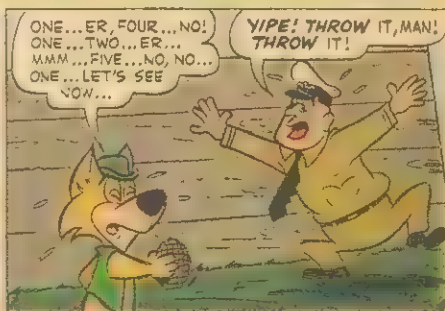
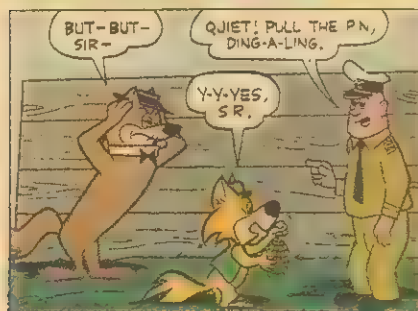
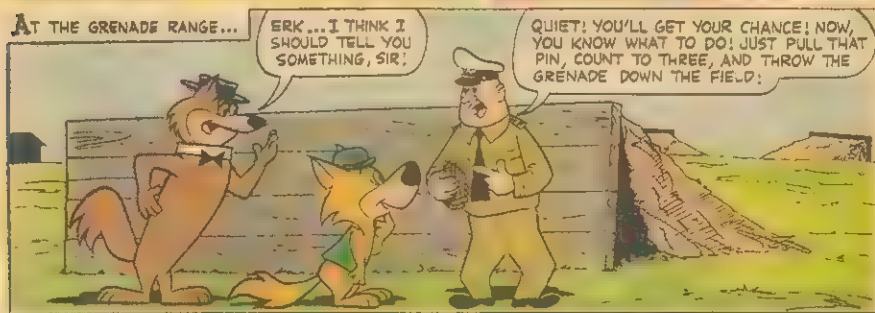
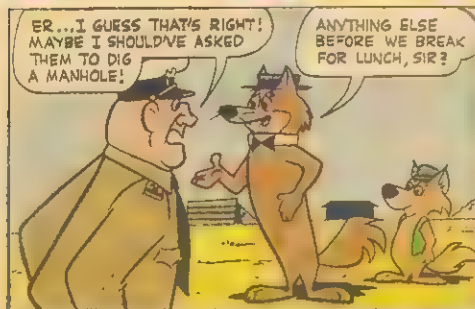
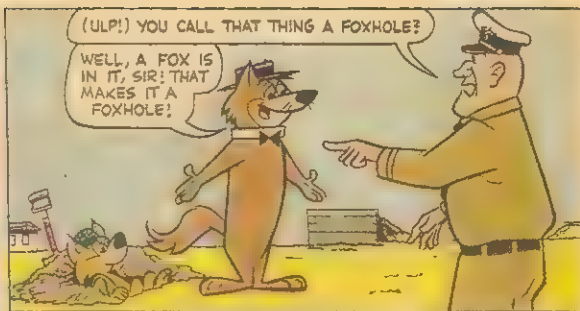
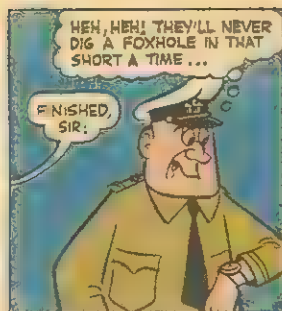
Hanna-Barbera *HOKEY and DING-A-LING*  
**NAVAL ENGAGEMENT**

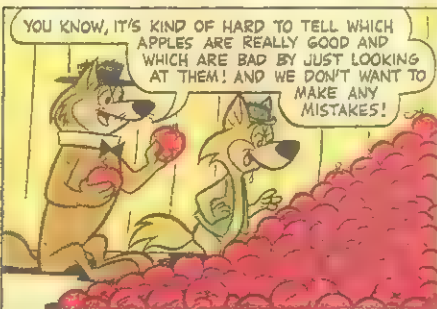
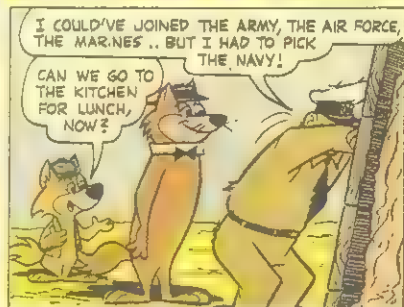
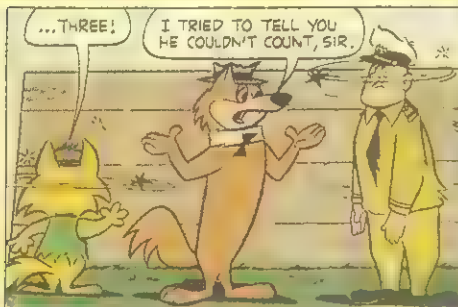
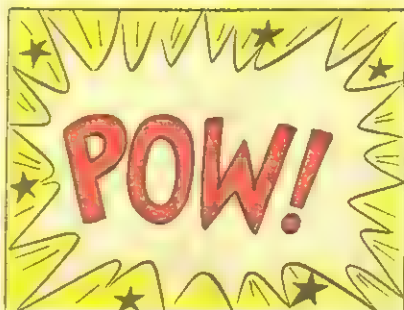
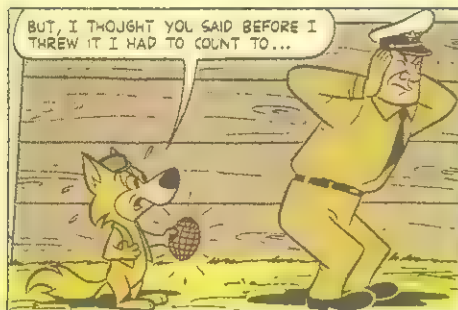




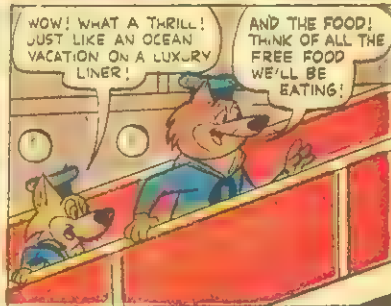
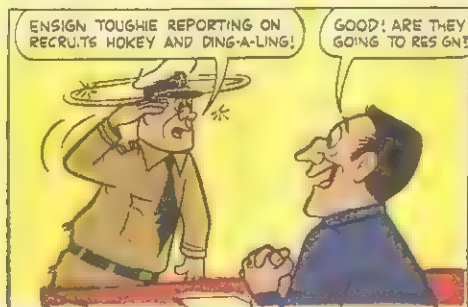
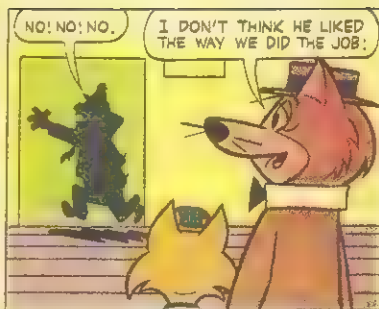
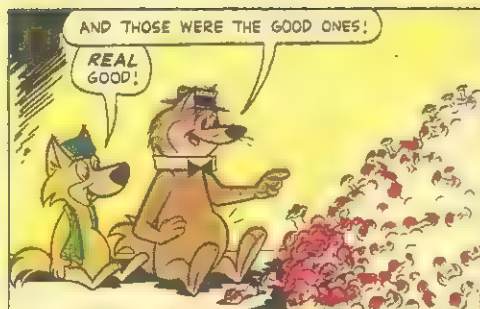












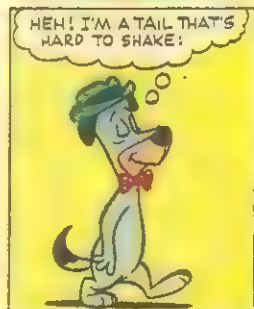
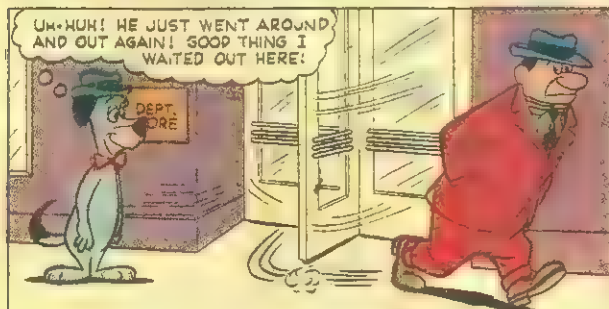
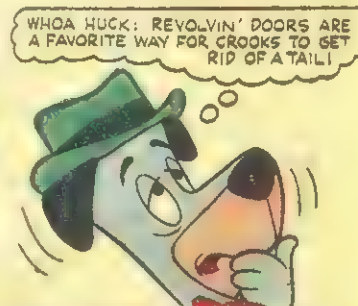
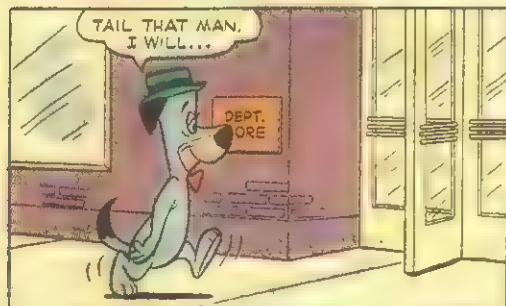
BUT THE BEST LAD PLANS OF MICE AND MEN AND WOLVES AND FOXES OFTEN GO ASTRAY...

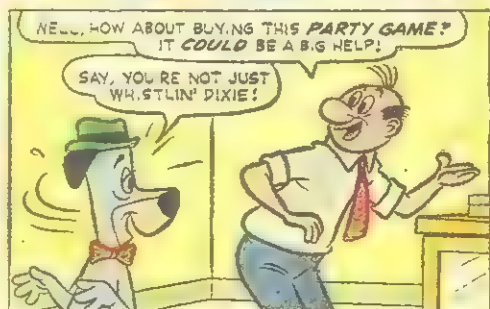
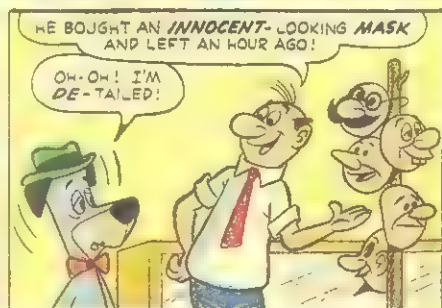
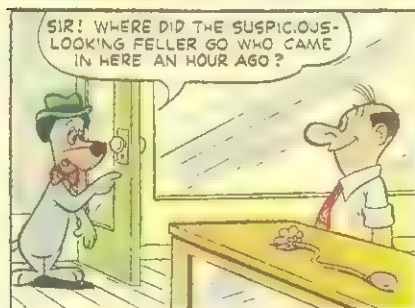
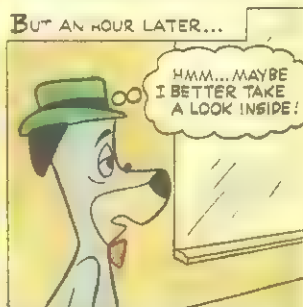
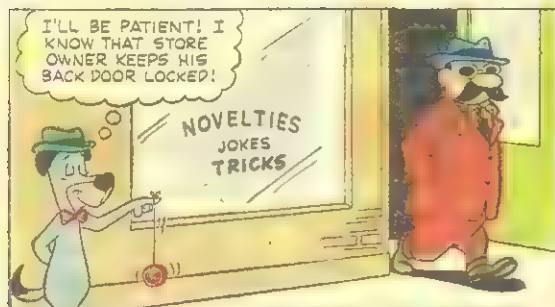
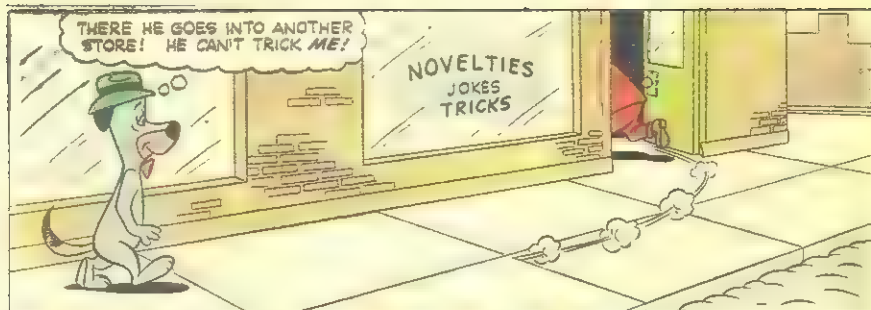


THE END

Hanna-Barbera *Huckleberry Hound*

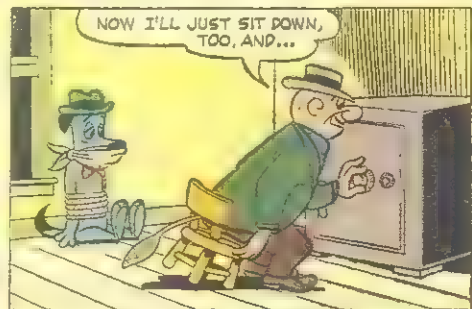
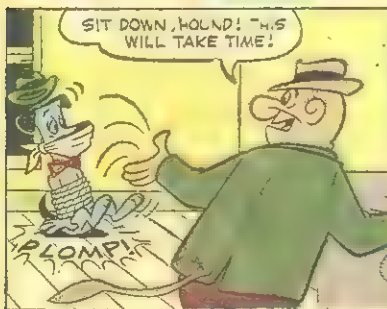
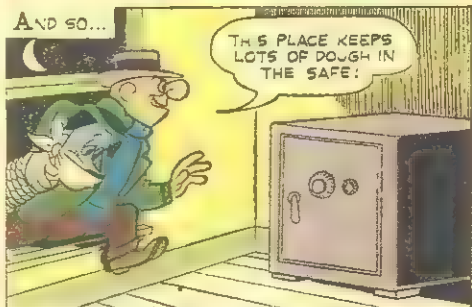
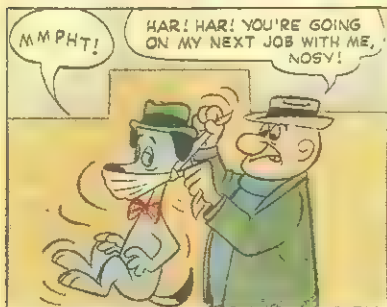
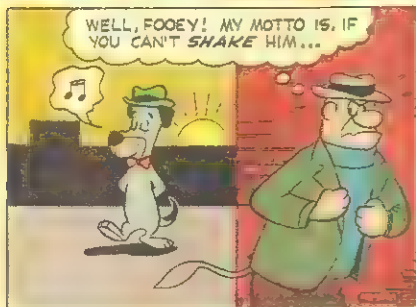
# TAIL THAT MAN

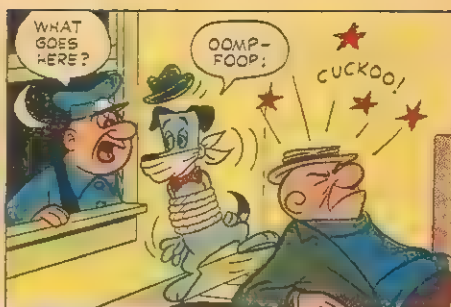




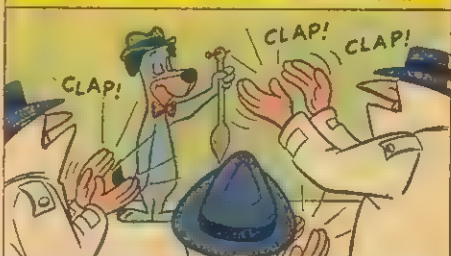


AND SURE ENOUGH, HUCK IS NOW ABLE TO "TAIL" HIS MAN WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...

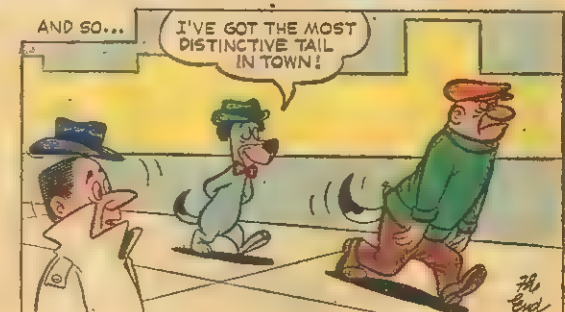
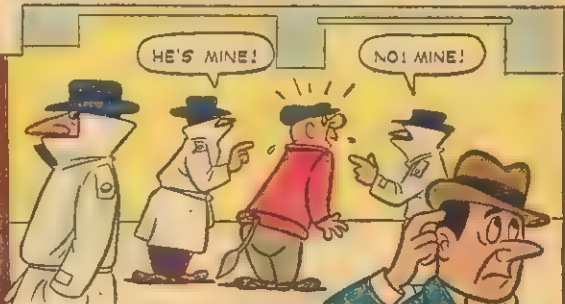
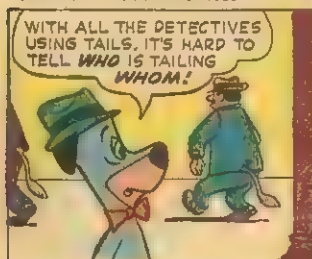


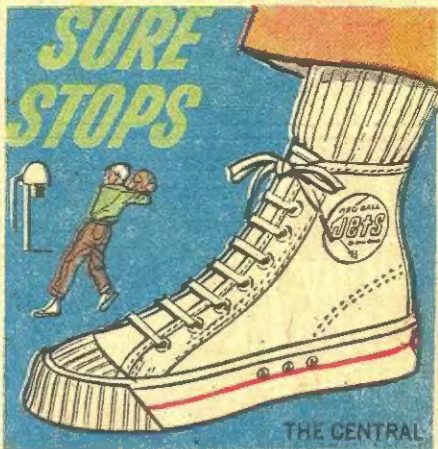
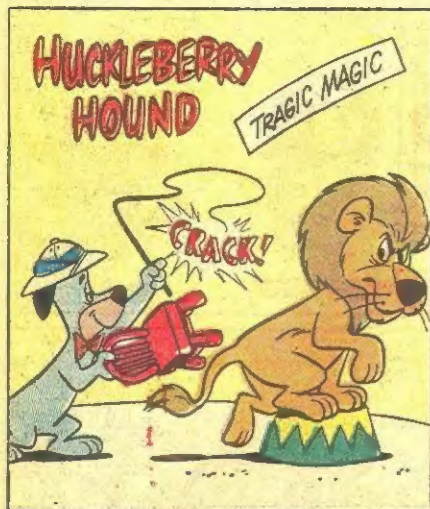


AND HUCK'S METHOD OF "TAILING" RECEIVES LOUD ACCLAIM BY THE DETECTIVE BUREAU...



IN FACT, "TAILING" ONCE AGAIN BECOMES A PROBLEM...





You're Jet propelled in Red Ball Jets. Thick, long-wearing, ground-grippin' soles get you off like a rocket . . . stop you on a dime anytime! And what comfort! Jets "Arch-Gard" cushions the foot, puts spring in your step. So if you play to win, play in JETS. Look for the Red Ball when you buy.

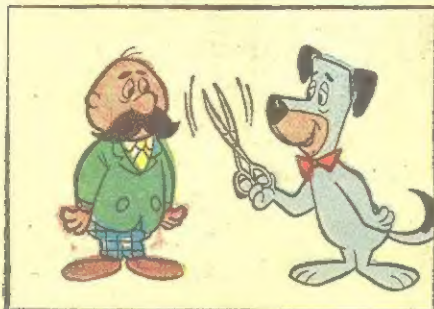
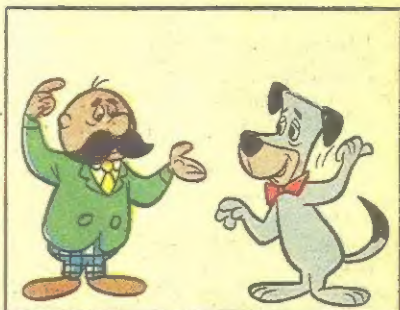
**Red Ball® Red Ball Jets**  
by Ball-Band, Mishawaka, Indiana

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL



# Huckleberry Hound

MEET TUBBY



**Meet Tubby, the Whale**

LET ME SPOUT YOU A QUESTION—  
HAVE YOU TRIED **TUBBLE**—  
THE NEW FUN BUBBLE SOAP?

 A green whale-like creature with a face and arms, surrounded by many colorful bubbles.


TUBBLE WASHES YOU CLEAN  
AS IT BUB-BUB-BUBBLES!

 A green whale-like creature with a face and arms, floating in water with colorful bubbles around it.

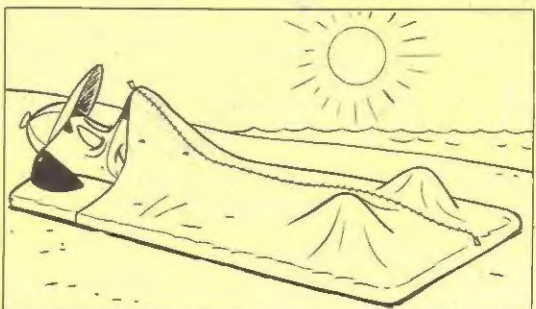
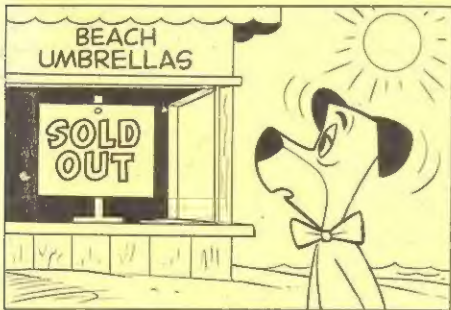
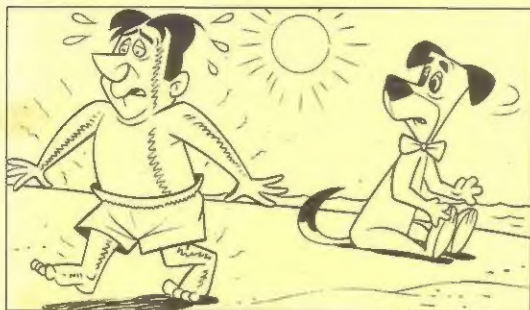
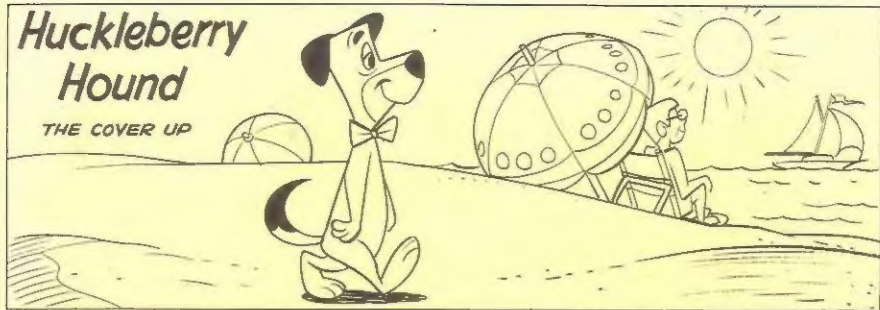
WON'T STING  
YOUR EYES,  
NEVER LEAVES  
A BATHTUB RING!  
AND WHAT A  
WHALE OF A  
LOT OF FUN!

3 COLORS IN THE 6-PACK OR NEW 9-PACK  
LOOK FOR  
TUBBY  
THE WHALE

 A green whale-like creature with a face and arms, standing next to two boxes of Tubble soap. One box is labeled 'tubble' and the other 'Liquid tubble'. Both boxes feature the Tubby the Whale character.

# Huckleberry Hound

THE COVER UP





Hanna-Barbera

# Huckleberry Hound

UNDERCOVER CANINE

